

rush rush to the street by Oop

Series: [Makeshift Kingdom \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: 'no one has time to be homophobic during the apocalypse' quoth i, 'the last of us' inspired, (verse is the term all the cool kids are using these days for people who switch right?), Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Fluff and Smut, M/M, Rough Sex, Violence kink?, and there is an excessive amount of cussing, apocalypse au, billy is good at fighting, bloody and public makeout, established billy/steve, f bomb central station right here, mention of hypothetical rape, oversensitivity, some dom/sub vibes going on here but I didn't mean to imply it's a dom/sub relationship, verse billy, verse steve, yeah definitely violence kink

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve's seen Billy come away worse from fights, so he isn't too worried. Not until he glances at Billy's opponent. Billy doesn't go down easy, but it's happened before, and this is just the brand of sonuvabitch that could take him down.

1. a little room to break

Author's Note:

So. I started playing The Last of Us again. This isn't an AU for that game specifically, but it's heavily inspired by the, like, city you start in. Yeah. Yep. Yeeeeeeep. That's that, I guess. Enjoy.

(Oh! The series title comes from Sweatshop Union. Part one's title is from "No Surrender" by Taproot. I, uh, listened to neither while writing this. I did, however, listen to Linkin Park's "One Step Closer," which is where the chapter title comes from. Music, y'all.)

Maybe, Steve thinks, jolting up from a dead sleep on the couch to the dusky tones of early evening filtering in the grimy window, he should consider unfucking his sleep schedule. He should also consider putting a damned tracking device on Billy because he was supposed to be here to wake Steve up hours ago to meet Dustin before curfew.

Sighing, Steve runs a rough hand over his face. Fucking Billy Hargrove. Still unreliable as fuck. But then, that's not really fair, not really true. When it matters, Billy is always there, always has his back. And even in this world split open at the sides with real monsters with real fangs and claws, Billy still has to chase away his own monsters sometimes. Steve has a pretty good idea where he can find Billy. He hopes he's fucking wrong, though.

He takes a shot from the bottle on the kitchen counter, swishes it around because it's as good as any toothpaste these days, and runs his hands through his hair, pulls it back into a spiky ponytail at his nape. Despite everything, despite the actual apocalypse, he hadn't been able to bring himself to cut it. But like hell he'd leave it at a length that would be in his face constantly. Any disadvantage was one too many.

His bomber, threadbare and with more patches than original fabric at this point, slides easy over his shoulders. Steve pulls on a pair of

gloves, tucks a shiv into his boot and a gun into the holster strapped to his thigh ("*It's ridiculous.*" "*Nah. It's sexy. And practical.*" Billy always gets his way), and slides his arms through their usual supply bag. That Billy hadn't taken it with him is telling in itself. Steve's going to fucking kill him if he's where he thinks he is.

Outside, mid-September has started to turn from pleasant breezes rubbing against raw skin to the warning prick of winter's teeth against exposed skin. Soon, it'll be fucking miserable. Steve used to like winter, but then, he also used to live in a heated house with a heated pool and could drive around in his heated car and admire the snow and ice and general frozen hellscape from the comfort of home. Now, the apartment he shares with Billy literally has holes in the wall bigger than most of the intentional windows and, when the wind blows wrong, it snows *in their house*. Nothing pisses Billy off like having to shovel the fucking living room. But he'll come to bed after, press his freezing chest to Steve's back, toes like ice beneath Steve's calves, and grumble about a transfer to a California compound like it's an option they've been too busy to take advantage of, not an impossibility. Everyone knows transfers are closed; all the compounds are at capacity with more beating down the walls every day. Sometimes Steve still feels guilty; he knows Billy stayed for him, but with the hope of convincing Steve to transfer with him. Now, they're all stuck here and soon Billy's going to have to shovel the living room again.

Steve's halfway there, light rapidly fading from the sky, when the curfew siren wails. He ignores it, just like he ignores the trash heaped in the alleys and the graffiti painted on every available surface and the public executions he can hear—*pop, pop, pop*—one street over. He ignores the rumble of the Civilian Conscription Force vehicles, armored and bulky, rolling down the road, a very loud and very visible threat to anyone not considering getting inside before the siren winds down.

He jogs to the zone gate, sliding the papers from his back pocket. Honestly, he can't even remember if these ones are real or not. It doesn't matter.

The guard pauses in pulling the metal grate closed. "Cutting it pretty close," he says, but Steve just smiles sheepishly.

"Lost track of time. Have the day off tomorrow and I'm staying with a friend in Zone B," he says as the guard barely glances at the papers before handing them back.

"Mm." It's clear the guard doesn't buy it but doesn't care enough to question it, either. "Whatever. If you're coming through, you'd better fucking hurry."

"Yes, sir," Steve says with a respect he doesn't feel. He takes his papers back, slides them into his back pocket, and slips through the gate, hearing it clang closed behind him. He's jogging before the guard can even turn around again. Billy had better fucking be here, even if Steve hopes to God he's not. Steve doesn't like spending nights alone in other zones. He can, and has before, but it pisses him off, makes him anxious and on-edge for days afterward.

The way stretches familiar under his feet, moreso in the dark than in daylight. Rats squeak through the overflowing dumpsters, dogs skitter away nervously, but Steve doesn't slow down. Not until he gets to the market alley, burning metal barrels already lighting stretches of hodgepodge booths. The merchants have packed up their wares and hidden away for the night, but Steve can hear a crowd around the corner where the light is more concentrated. Like a goddamned moth, he draws closer. There's a lot of jostling, a lot of ration cards clenched in raised fists, a lot of *heat* condensed into this space.

"King Steve," someone greets, clapping him on the shoulder.

Shrugging off the hand that squeezes amicably, Steve says, "Tommy. Seen Billy?"

"Seen him? Have barely seen anyone *but* him all day. He's ruling the ring."

With a heavy sigh, Steve starts pushing through the crowd. Some people try to shove him until they actually look at him, recognize him, and then they part pretty easily. It's probably less to do with respect for Steve and more to do with the fact that Billy is here and everyone knows that Billy and Steve are together, nearly inseparable. At the front, Steve can't help his sharp inhale, the flare of anger-

panic-want that strikes him like lightning. Without his shirt, Billy's chest gleams with sweat, skin golden from firelight and blue from fist-sized bruises playing make-believe as shadows. His nose bleeds sluggishly—probably a remnant of an earlier fight—down his chin and neck. Steve watches his tongue swipe at his bottom lip, painting his grin crimson. God, Billy is a fucking maniac, an animal, his eyes lit up like he lives for this. But, overall, Steve's seen Billy come away worse from fights, so he isn't too worried. Not until he glances at Billy's opponent.

The guy is a fucking monstrosity, at least a head and a half taller than Billy and thicker, muscles standing in high relief and slick with exertion. Christ, one good hit from that guy and Billy's going to become a cripple or a fucking vegetable. At the very least, if he gets hit somewhere easily breakable, like the ribs, he's going to be fucking useless for a few days. Steve doesn't want to watch. Billy doesn't go down easy, but it's happened before, and this is just the brand of sonuvabitch that could take him down. Hard. Still, maybe it's just the fire caught in Billy's eyelashes, burning through the blue of his eyes, but *he* doesn't look like the thought of losing has even occurred to him. He never does though.

Steve watches. He watches every swing, hit or miss; hears every would-be gasp of pain exchanged for a growl; flinches at the brutal drum of knuckles on flesh; tastes the tang of sweat and salt as the two circle 'round and 'round in the ring. Steve's stomach churns even as his veins spark with it, the primal fucking violence of it, the simplicity, the familiarity. He's a fucking hypocrite for getting mad at Billy because Steve loves this just as much as him, he's just not good like Billy, has to observe from the outside. Slamming a fist up against the cage (not allowed; Steve does it anyway), Steve hears himself, voice cresting over the crowd's rousing: "Get 'im, baby! Take him the fuck out! C'mon!"

The span of Billy's grin, even with dark blood filling the cracks of his teeth, could light this entire zone. He's a fucking star, burning at a million degrees from the inside out and ready to consume anything that gets too close, and Steve wants to kiss him, copper flavor and all. He wants to lose himself in all that glow, let a wild flare of that energy turn him to ash.

It's over fast from there. Brutal to the last second, but somehow (because he's faster and smarter than anyone gives him credit for, Steve knows) Billy gets an arm across the guy's throat, hangs on even when his back gets rammed into the fencing, hangs on even when the guy slams Billy onto the ground under all his considerable weight. Steve pretends he doesn't hear the breath ripped out of Billy's lungs, pretends he doesn't hear the way Billy chokes trying to pull some back in. His grip doesn't loosen, even as the guy's hands try to claw into his sweat-slicked forearms, leaving red welts in their wake. That, more than anything, sparks a protective rage in Steve. He slams the cage again and ignores the dirty look the ref (or the closest thing they have to one) shoots him. "You got 'im, baby! Stay with it!"

Billy does, cords of his arm locked tight right up until the guy passes out, goes limp over Billy, who can only lay gasping underneath him, too worn out to shove him off. The crowd surges behind Steve, screaming, but Steve immediately clambers into the ring to roll Billy free. He looks like shit, but *radiant* shit as he grins up at Steve. "Good enough, Princess?"

Rather than answer, Steve drops right there, falls right onto Billy's lap and then hauls him up with a hand at his nape, the other tangled into the longer hair of his undercut, to kiss him, to taste the fight still thrumming through him, all iron and sweat. The crowd whoops and Steve feels Billy grin against his mouth. "Fuck, Billy," Steve hisses. "Fuck," he says again between quick, frantic kisses. "Billy, fuck."

A minute or so passes before Steve notices Billy shaking against him, beyond exhausted but high with adrenaline. "Let's get out of here, Pretty Boy."

After one last filthy kiss, Steve pushes to his feet, pulling Billy with him. The crowd is still roaring, leering or fuming or just howling at the fucking sky—Steve doesn't know, doesn't care (but he smiles when Billy flips them all off). The ref hands Billy his pile of winnings: an entire carton's worth of cigarettes, nearly an entire book of ration cards, four boxes of ammunition, two first aid kits, a box of granola bars, a roll of summer sausage, a bag of jerky, other objects of varying value (including Billy's shirt). Steve accepts it all for Billy, loads it into the pack and slings it back over his shoulders.

And they leave. Billy drapes an arm, heavy and slick, over Steve's shoulders, his face nonchalant even as Steve compensates for his limp. Billy doesn't sag until they're well out of sight, leaning against a wall and cradling his ribs like he wishes he could really cradle his *everything*. "*Fuck*," he hisses, still sucking ragged breaths like it hurts, head tipped back against the brick.

Steve's there immediately, running his hands over Billy even as he says, "You dumb fucking *asshole*." He ignores Billy's sounds of pain as he presses into bruises and welts, shoves his arm out of the way and palms over bones to feel for breaks as best as he can. "I hate when you do this."

Billy tips his head and grins even as he winces. "No, you don't."

With pursed lips, Steve runs his hands over Billy's ribs. By the sound Billy makes, Steve may as well have punched him, but nothing *feels* broken. "Yes," he insists, "I do." Satisfied enough with his examination for now, he leans his head onto Billy's sweaty shoulder, presses a kiss there. "I hate watching you get hurt."

"Yeah, but you *love* watching me win."

It's frustrating because it's true and Billy knows it, but Steve doesn't want to admit it. "You couldn't've told me first?"

Billy shrugs, barely jostling Steve's head. Before he answers, he sucks his teeth, spits red to the side. "You were sleeping. 'Sides, you found me."

Steve sighs, hands resting lightly on Billy's ribs, right where he'd left them, gratefully feeling Billy swell with air without any telling rasp or rattle. They're fucking blessed that Billy came out of that so well, all things considered. "Why?"

"I ran out of cigarettes this morning," Billy answers, like it's that simple. Sometimes, it is, but Steve still presses his palms flat into Billy, shoves him gently back against the brick wall until Billy gasps at the pain, then Steve pushes just a little more.

He takes the same tone he uses when he has his gun pressed to

someone's temple. "You tell me next time. Every time. No matter what."

"Okay," Billy acquiesces, no resistance at all. Then again on an exhale when Steve finally lets up: "Okay. I fight better when you're watching, anyway, Pretty Boy." Steve doesn't have to look to see that cocky fucking grin, but he does anyway because he loves it. He offers a smile of his own and says, "I know, baby." He kisses Billy again, feels the meat and the heat and the strength of him under his hands. "Now, let's find somewhere for you to sleep."

Tomorrow, Steve decides, with Billy safe in his arms, safe in their home. *Tomorrow*, he'll unfuck his schedule.

2. whatever tomorrow brings

Summary for the Chapter:

Three days. That's how long Steve manages to wait after Billy's fight. Three days of recovery before Steve fucks him raw.

Notes for the Chapter:

There are more feelings in this than the summary would imply.

Enjoy, kiddies.

(Title from "Drive" by Incubus)

Three days. That's how long Steve manages to wait after Billy's fight. His bruises are still livid, his skin more purple and green than gold, and maybe that should turn Steve off, but fuck if it doesn't make him want Billy *more*. He knows those broken blood vessels aren't just for him—Billy does what he does for himself, because he needs it—but he does do it for Steve, too. He does it to burn off some of that heat that will scorch anything in his path, Steve included, and he does it because sometimes Steve needs a fucking cigarette and they're hard as hell to get without scrapping for them.

In any case, Steve gives Billy three days of recovery before he fucks him raw, clutching him by the tender skin of his torso and sides until Billy's gasps ride that line of pleasure and pain that Steve uses to say, "I would do anything for you," and also, "You're a fucking moron." It's not much in the way of punishment, and too late for Billy to learn the lesson, but Steve doesn't care because Billy's hands are over his head, palms against the wall, lifting his hips into Steve's with every teeth-jarring thrust.

"Christ!" Billy says when Steve somehow finds it in him to take Billy harder. "What the fuck, Harrington?" He means *what is this?*, which means *why?*

"You are so... God, I love watching you fight," Steve says.

Billy's throat turns a deeper shade of red. "Yeah?"

"That guy could have... if you weren't so good... he could've crushed you." Steve likes the thought, likes thinking about that giant *wanting* Billy under him. Not because Steve wouldn't burn the entire compound to the ground if anyone pulled that kind of shit on Billy, but because Billy is *his*; Billy is desirable, and everyone should want him because he's hot and wild and fierce and protective and capable, but he's *Steve's*. Always Steve's. Only Steve's. "Could've held you down with one arm and... and *had* you right there."

Billy's head tips back, purple ribcage reaching out to Steve like seven-fingered hands with each hard breath. "Fuck."

"Yeah," Steve agrees. "He could've tried. I'd... I'd've put a bullet down his throat first."

Billy *groans* something unholy, the jolt of his cock against his stomach a giveaway.

"You like that, baby?" Steve had known he would and doesn't wait for an answer. "D'you know how people look at you? Like you're a... a goddamned chocolate dessert. Like they want to fucking eat you alive from the inside out."

"Steve. Fuck, Steve, I'm—"

"I'd fucking *kill* them. All of them. If they ever touched you."

Just like that, Billy's painting white abstract galaxies on his own violet canvas, hands clutching at the pillow under his head, surprisingly quiet through the whole thing; he has always been the quieter of the two of them when it comes to this. "Fuck, Billy," he says, losing his rhythm, throwing his hips against Billy with a desperation, a *recklessness*, that he rarely succumbs to.

Still breathing hard, trembling under Steve's grip, Billy says, "Steve, c'mon. Only you. Only you get this. They can look all they want but only you—"

They both groan as Steve's hips snap forward and he loses it, comes so deep inside Billy that Steve wonders if he can taste it in his throat, the way Steve can still taste cigarette smoke and powdered milk and granola from Billy's mouth. Some part of Steve wants to stay like that, stay inside Billy, but he's exhausted and Billy will start squirming uncomfortably in about two seconds. So he pulls out, savors Billy's hiss and broken little moan, and then falls onto his side, one arm slung over Billy's heaving stomach.

"Jesus," Billy finally says. "I'm not gonna move for a week."

"Good," Steve says. "Then I'll know exactly where to find you." He tilts his head against Billy's side, leans into the pulse beating against his forehead.

After a few breaths, forced slow, Billy squirms anyway (Steve knows it's because he's leaking, cooling, and doesn't like the feeling, even if it makes Steve hot all over again). "Still mad?"

Rather than answer right away, Steve slips a hand under Billy's quaking thigh, still propped against the bed, and slides two ruthless fingers into him. Not to hold anything in, but to force more out. Billy jerks, makes the same sort of sound he does when a match burns him, clutches Steve's arm in a hard grip. But he doesn't push Steve away. He would never. Still, he tolerates it for an entire minute before he grits out, "Steve, *please*. I'm sorry. *Please*."

Honestly, Steve isn't still mad. He just wanted the apology on principle. So he smiles and wipes his fingers on the sheet they really need to wash but never remember until they're falling exhausted or burning or exhausted *and* burning, on top of it, and watches Billy's body melt into the mattress again. "You're something else," he says, but puts an arm around Steve's shoulder, pulls Steve in close to his side until Steve feels enveloped by Billy's skin, his smell, his solidity, his familiarity. He fucking loves this, having this, with Billy. He fucking *loves Billy*.

Still, after a few minutes, Billy starts squirming again and they really *do* have things to do, even if the cold leeches all motivation away, so Steve gets up and wrings out the rag they keep in the wash bucket, definitely cold even though they're not breaking through ice just yet.

He tosses it over his shoulder and Billy yelps at the wet smack. "People say I'm the asshole..." Billy grumbles as he wipes himself down with a shudder.

"I'll go make breakfast," Steve says in lieu of an apology, because he's not sorry.

"Let me guess. Oatmeal?"

Pulling on his pants, Steve rolls his eyes. "Gee, how'd you know?"

Billy snorts. The rations have been getting more and more sparse, but they give out what they get. This week, it was canisters of oatmeal. Last week, it was huge bags of rice. Steve used to be a good cook, and he's still *okay*, but he's not creative in the kitchen like Billy. No, Billy's got some freakish superpower of making damn good food out of whatever ingredients they have at the time. Last week, he'd made rice burgers that had reminded Steve so strongly of the sun on his back and the heat of a grill at his front and the glow of a pool in his peripherals that he'd almost gotten choked up about it. (After dinner, he'd ridden Billy until the bed frame gave up. They'd slept through the night without fixing it and woken up on the floor in a cocoon of blankets.)

So while Billy may be sick of Steve's plain oatmeal, if he wants something else, he'll damn well have to get up and make it himself.

"Have mercy. At least put peanut butter in it. Raisins. Something."

Steve waves the request away. "Yeah, yeah, fine. I'll see what there is."

He ends up scraping the last of the brown sugar into Billy's bowl because there's not enough for two and Steve got to smoke the last few days because Billy went and got the shit beat out of him. And then Steve fucked the hell out of him. Steve's thinking about doing it again before the sun goes down today. It's shaping up to be a long week for Billy so far. And, well, Steve loves him, so he puts the last of the sugar in his bowl and then takes it to him in bed.

In the doorway, he pauses. Billy hasn't moved since cleaning up,

really, laying sprawled on his back, eyes closed against the sun dappling him through the windows. ("*Reminds me of trees*," he'd said once. "*Christ, I miss trees.*") Despite everything, he's managed to keep a decent tan. Some days, Steve still mourns the loss of Billy's long curls, but he at least kept that lock that always falls over his forehead; it's always been Steve's favorite, adding a soft touch to the hard edges of Billy's face

He hates to make Billy move, wants to savor that blissed out expression on his face for as long as possible because, honestly, every time Steve sees it he wonders if it'll be the last time. That, and when he thinks about being the one to put it there, his gut squeezes with pleasure.

"Hey, baby," Steve says, moving to sit on the edge of the bed.

Billy blindly reaches for Steve until Steve takes his hand. Like the touch has filled him up too full, Billy breathes out hard once. "Let's stay in today." He cracks a hopeful eye open to look at Steve.

Steve chuckles. "We've stayed in for three days. It's time to work. People are going to start thinking we died or ran away."

"Why don't we?"

Pulling his hand back, Steve faces forward, back to Billy. He stirs the oatmeal a few times. Even when he hears Billy move, feels the weight of his arms around his shoulders, his nose and lips against Steve's neck, Steve doesn't answer. In the silence, Billy says, "You know I—"

"I know you didn't mean to stay here so long. I know you want to leave." Steve's hand tightens on the spoon. The day Billy finally decides he's had enough will be the day Steve breaks. Despite everything they've lost, Steve doesn't think that he or Billy have ever... ceased to fucking *be*. A lot of people now, here in the compound, walk around like ghosts, like they've got nothing to live for but nothing to die for either. They go through the motions but on the inside, they're crumbling like any one of the buildings in this godforsaken zone, holes in them bigger than the one in Steve and Billy's living room. Sure, Steve and Billy both have a few small holes of their own, but they've patched each other up, just like they sew up

their jackets and coats and jeans. They've kept each other from breaking.

"What the fuck?" Billy says, but quiet, against Steve's skin. "Steve, no. Jesus Christ." Billy leans over more fully so he can see Steve's face. "Steve, listen to me. I chose to stay. I knew what that meant. I'm here for as long as you are. Maybe that's three days. Maybe that's forever. Okay?"

Steve nods, swallows thickly. When he blinks, his eyelashes brush damply on his cheek. "I know. But—"

"Don't get me wrong," Billy continues. "I fucking hate this place. But if I were here for the location, I would've been long gone. And as soon as we finish whatever it is you think still needs done here, I'm taking you to California with me. Deal?"

"Deal," Steve says, and kisses him. And kisses him. And lets the oatmeal get cold as he kisses him some more. Because Billy has promised him forever and Steve can live with that.

Notes for the Chapter:

as usual, find me on tumblr at [thingsalexwrites](#) or [areyouactuallystupid](#)

Author's Note:

I'm actually pretty proud of this and plan on adding to it, but I have no plot ideas. So if you have ideas (no matter how general), send me a message! My tumblr is [thingsalexwrites](#).